F 29
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MOTHER GOOSE

Comes To

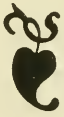
PORTLAND

C234
234

Text and Illustrations

BY

FREDERIC W. FREEMAN



PORTLAND, MAINE
Southworth Printing Company
1918

F29
.P9F79

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Portland, Maine

DEC 26 1918

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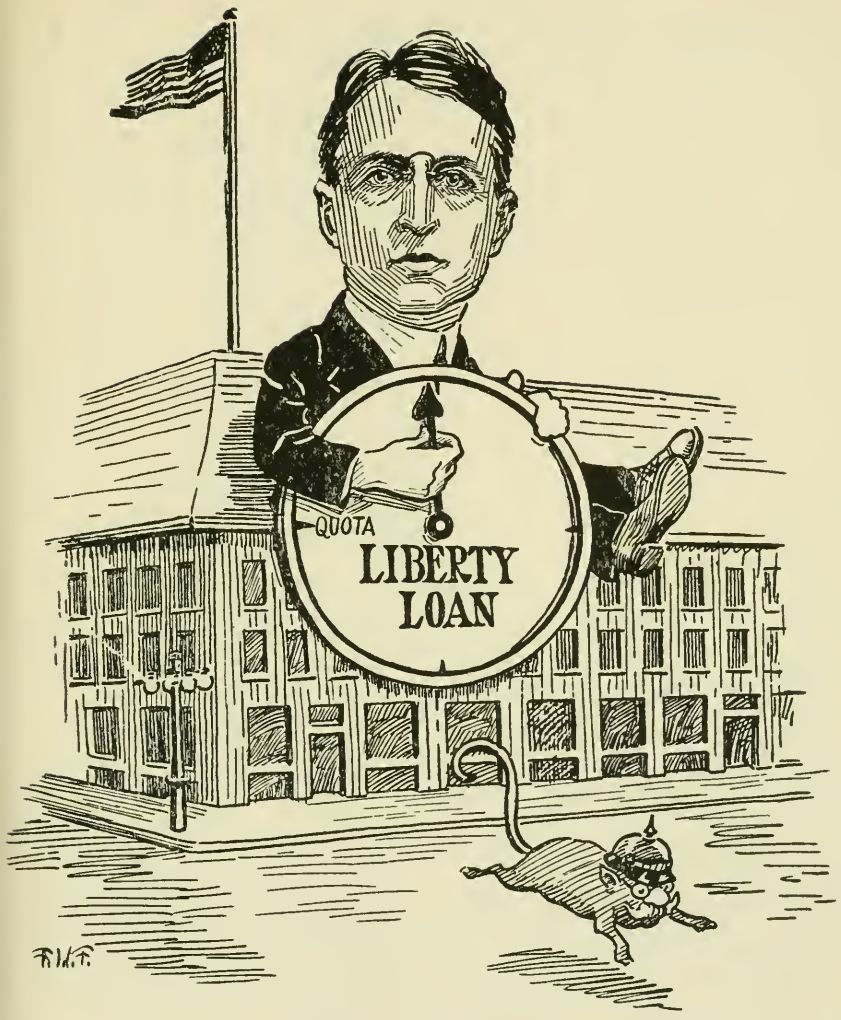
To
M. L. F.

Like Wee Willie Winkie
You run through the town,
Upstairs and down
In your Red Cross gown.
Pray pause in your service
And give me one look:
To you I would dedicate
This little book.

INTRODUCTION

Old Mother Goose, when she wanted to wander
Would fly through the air on a very fine gander.
One day on her feathery monoplane
She flew right over the State of Maine,
And liking the looks of Portland town
She hired a cottage and settled down.
Then, wishing to keep abreast of the times,
She brought up to date her ancient rhymes;
And, if amid the following pelf,
You, gentle reader, should meet yourself,
It's because your works have served to induce
Regard and affection from old Mother Goose.

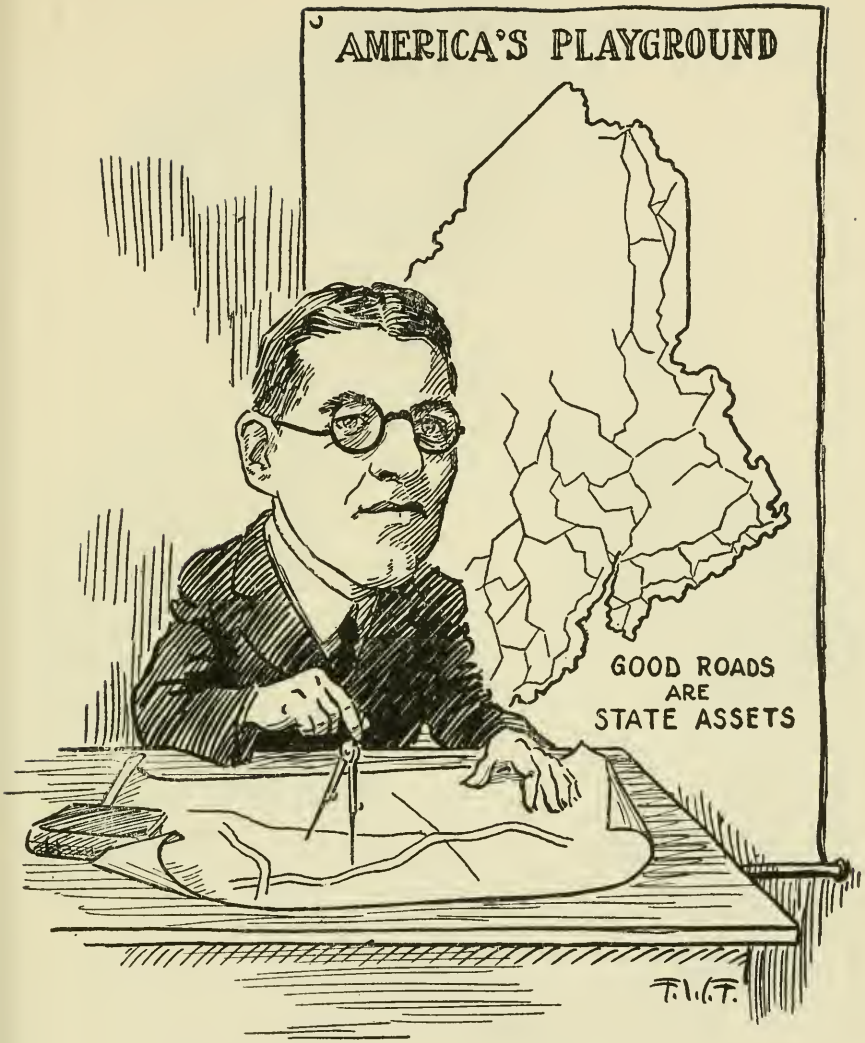


HARRY A. ROUNDS
State Director, Liberty Loans

Dickery, dickery dock,
A mouse ran up the clock,
But the tale of the hands
Put a crimp in his plans,
And his wireless to Bill was a shock.

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER
Reprsentative Maine Legislature

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get some power from water;
Jack was downed by Percy's bill
And Jill came tumbling after.



PHILLIP J. DEERING
Chairman Maine Highway Commission

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
If he stuck in a puddle
Way up to his middle
It wasn't New Gloucester, Maine.

LIEUTENANT ALLAN L. G. JENSEN
American Field Service in France

"Jenny" shall have a new bonnet,
And Jenny shall go back to war,
And wallop the Hun for his Uncle Sam
As he did for the French before.

MRS. HELEN D. HEYWOOD
Chairman of Personnel Red Cross

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, long life be thine,
Thy service has made of thine office a shrine;
Nurses for children and nurses for mothers,
Nurses for husbands and fathers and brothers,
Should **I** need a nurse, I'll send thee this line:—
"Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt **thou** be mine?"

NATHANIEL POOLE

I had a little pony,
They called him Dapple Gray,
And many a famous man, sir,
We carried in our day.
No more I meet the boats and trains,
The ancient coach is stored,
But I'm glad to be succeeded
By a man like Henry Ford.

HON. JOHN. F. A. MERRILL
United States District Attorney

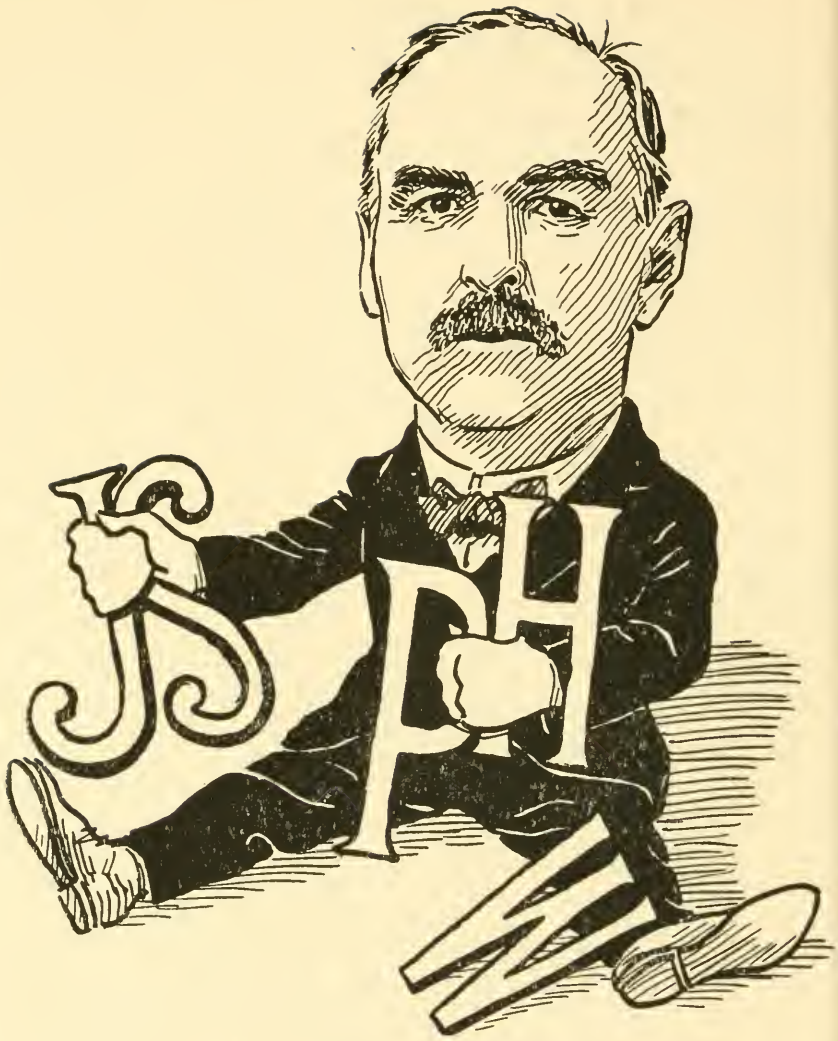
The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the
crown,
They landed in the court room after painting
red the town.
Judge Merrill said: "This City's not the place
to pound and slam,
If you two lads can't keep the peace, go fight
for Uncle Sam."

WM. H. STEVENS

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one fine summer's day,
When a bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe:—
This is NOT the fat man of Bombay.

JOHN HOWARD HILL

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigh-oh, says Rowley.
On Panther Pond where the bank is high
The genial Judge he chanced to spy;
"That wooing will keep till bye and bye,"
Said the frog. Heigh-oh, says Rowley.



JOHN S. P. H. WILSON
United States Marshal

A, B, C, tumble down D,
Offenders John places in fetters,
Though sleuthing his regular business may be,
You'll admit he's a person of letters.

DR. J. S. JAMIESON

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right in the middle of her forehead;
If it weren't for the merriment
Of Dr. Jimmy's mood,
Her envy might incline her to be horrid.

HOLMAN F. DAY

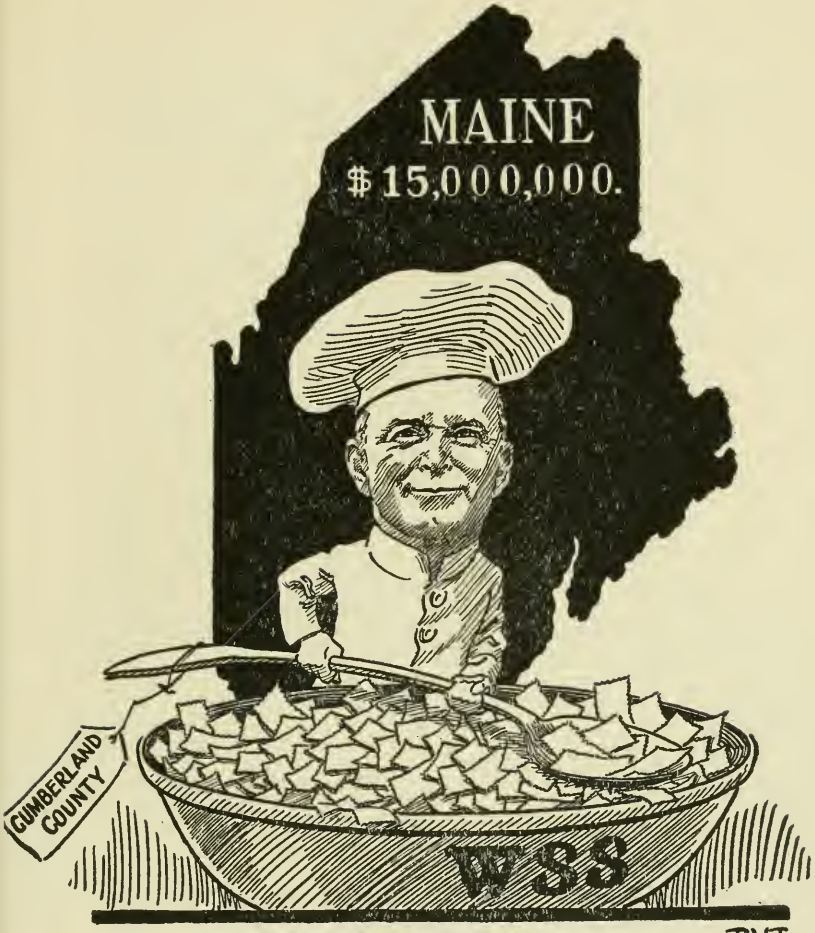
If all the world were water
And all the water were ink
We still could live, for Holman Day
Would furnish us food and drink.

FLORENCE BROOKS WHITEHOUSE
Chairman for Maine, National Woman's Party

Simple Simon met Mrs. Pieman, going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to Mrs. Pieman, "Let me taste your ware."
Said Mrs. Pieman to Simple Simon, "Will you advance my measure?"
Said Simple Simon to Mrs. Pieman, "If that's the price — with pleasure."

FRED E. EASTMAN
Chairman Red Cross Shipping Committee

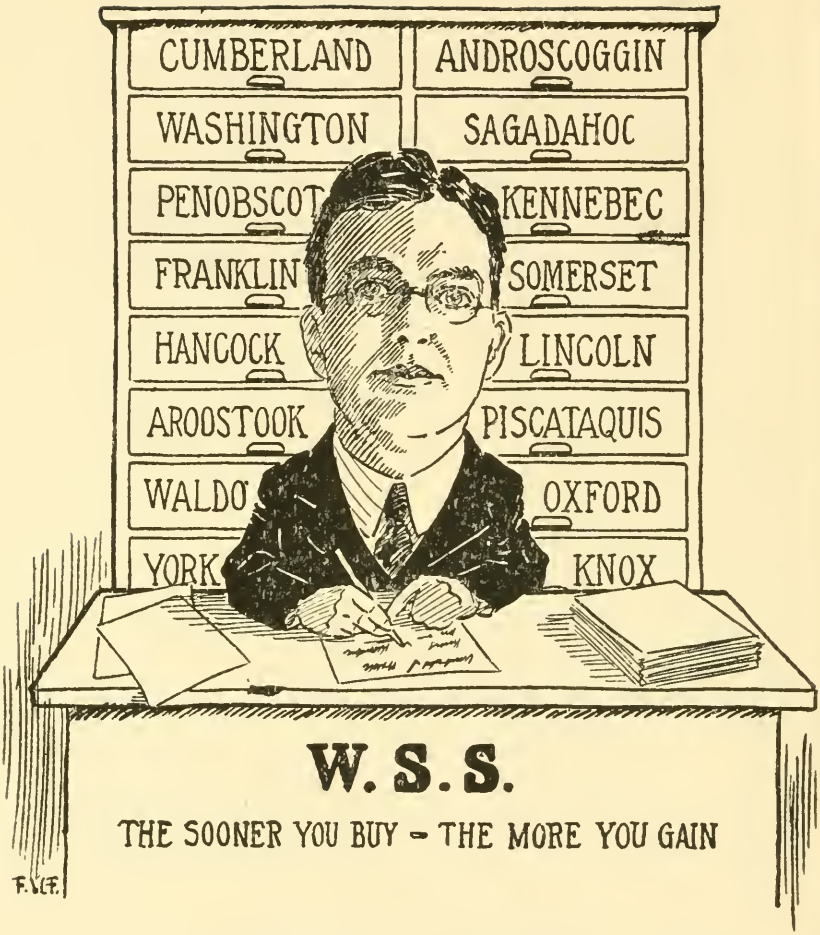
Two facts I'll tell you about our Fred,
And you will find them true:—
His favorite hobbies are Stars and Stripes,
And his colors are Red, White and Blue.



H. O. PHILLIPS

Formerly War Stamp Chairman for Cumberland County

Sing a song of quarters, a pocket full of rye,
Fifteen million dollars' worth of stamps in a pie,
Stuff it full of war stamps as tight as you can
cram;
Reckon that'll be some dish to hand our Uncle
Sam.



BENJAMIN B. SANDERSON
Pep-Injector War Savings Campaign

The reason that Ben works so hard on the stamps
And gives them his hearty endorsement,
Is because, in addition to helping the war,
He knows they're a bully investment.

SILAS B. ADAMS

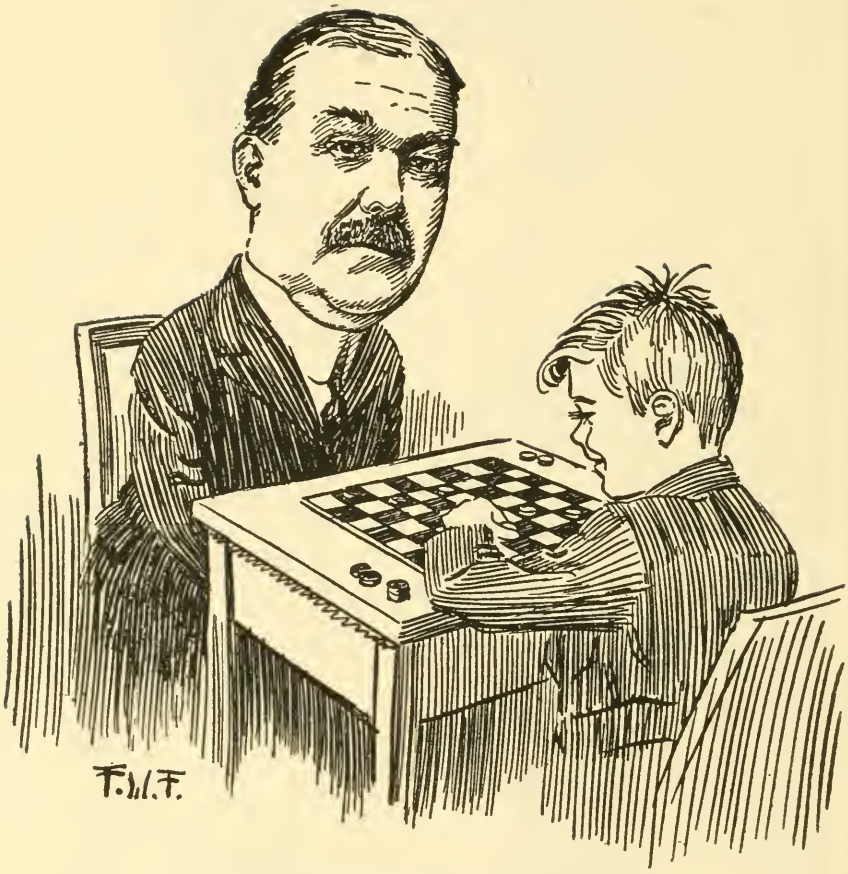
Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out some gum
And said "What a good boy is Si."

LIEUT. WILLIAM ILLINGWORTH

Just like Tom, the piper's son,
Bill learned to play when he was young,
And the tune that he liked best to play
Made people stand up right away.

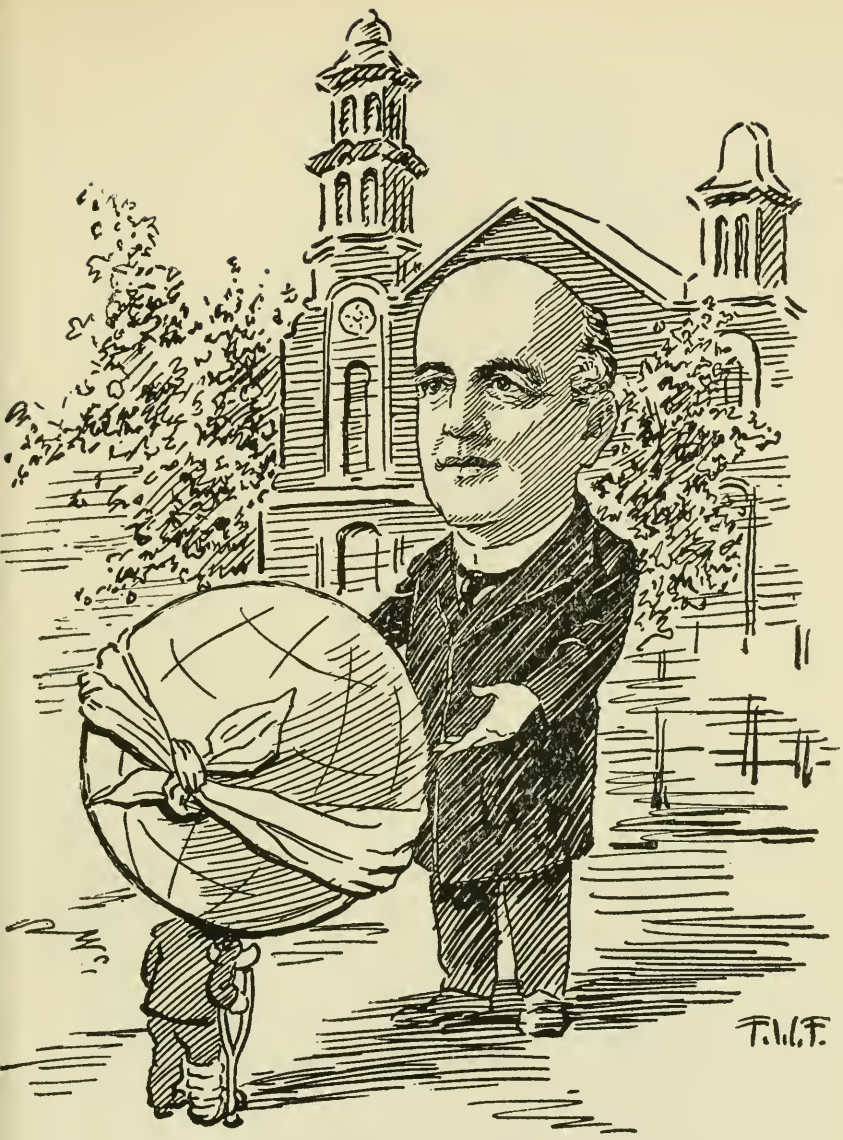
MRS. ALTHEA QUIMBY
President W. C. T. U.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, Sir," she said.
"What's the idea, my pretty maid?"
"Constructive criticism, Sir," she said.
"In asking that people shall give up wine,
I offer a substitute in its stead."



HON. WILFORD G. CHAPMAN
President Portland Boys' Club

Little Tommy Tucker sings at his supper
Even though he hasn't any white bread and
butter.
Whatever be the fare he will sing at his grub
So long as he's a member of the Portland Boys'
Club.

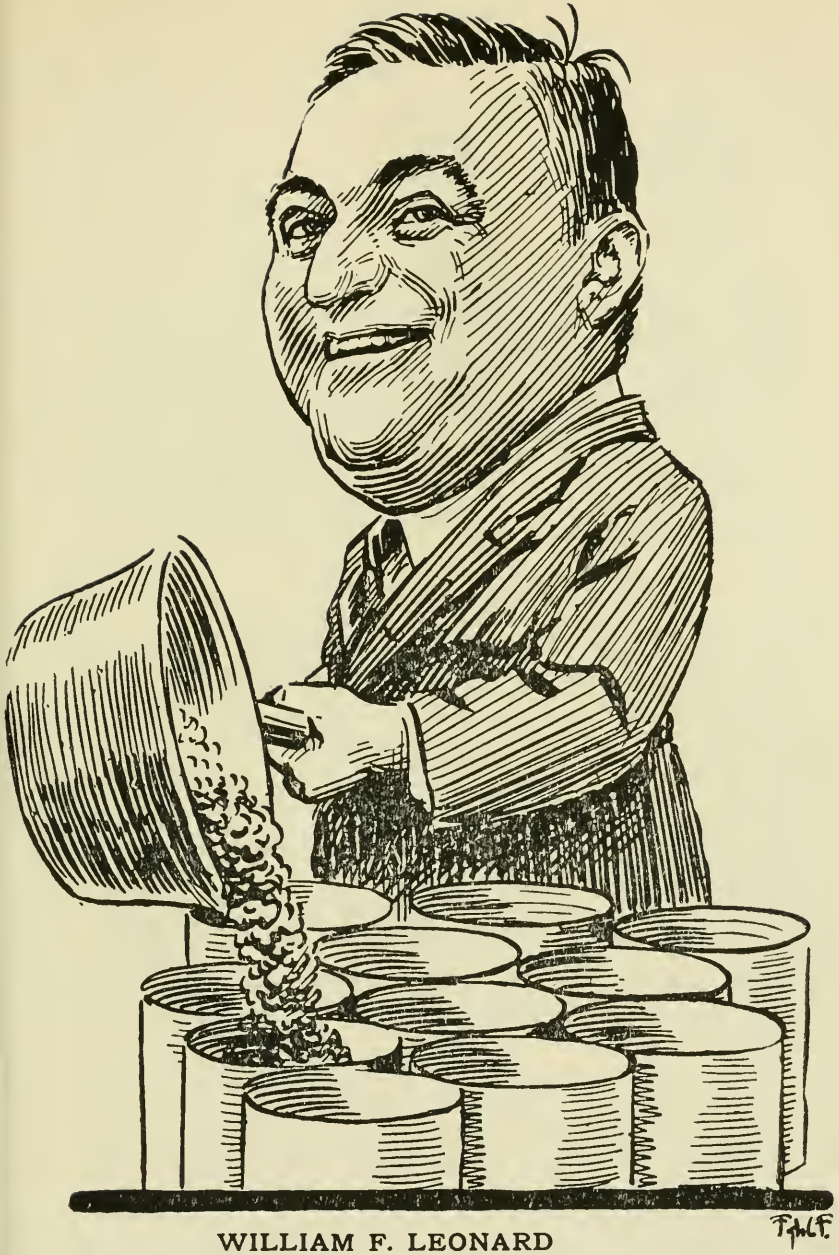


REV. JAMES F. ALBION, D. D.

This is the parson, all shaven and shorn,
Who heartens a world all tattered and torn
In the black night of strife, by battle worn;
Fearless he heralds the coming morn
And points our way in a world to be born
Out of that spirit, by Huns forsworn,
That lay in the house that Truth built.

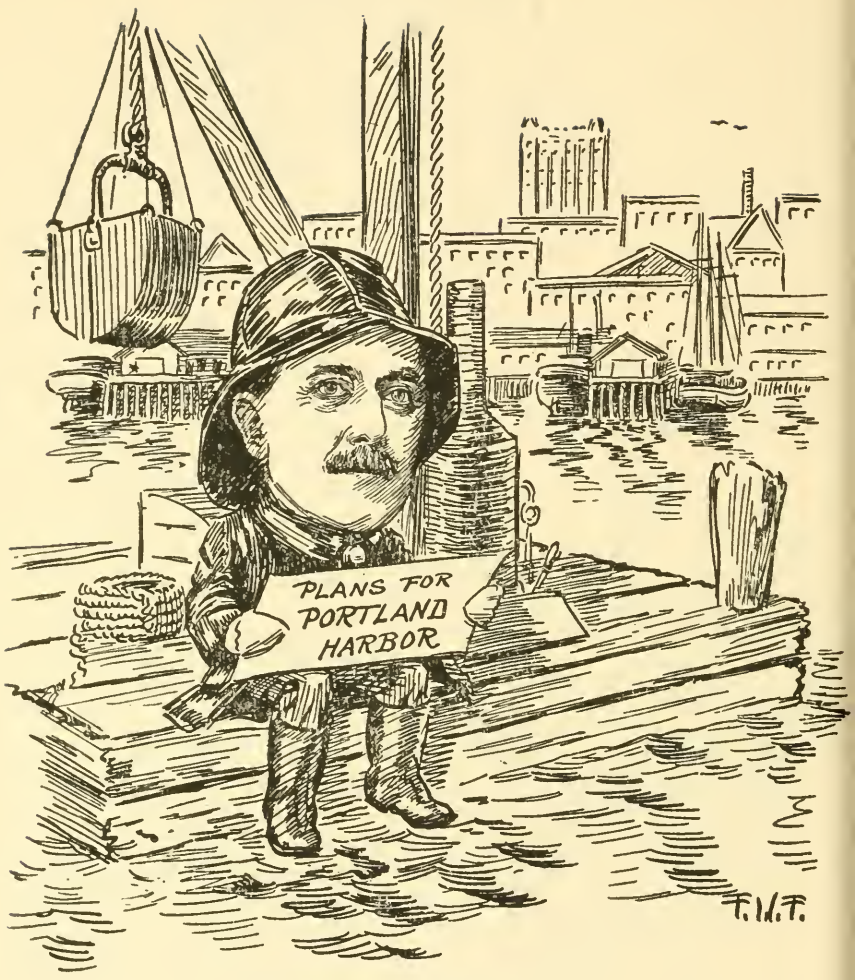
CHARLES B. CLARKE
Mayor of Portland

"To make your candles last for aye,
You towns and cities hark-o!
To put them out's the only way,"
Says honest Mayor Clarke-o.



WILLIAM F. LEONARD

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so they ate, instead of meat;
Bill Leonard's canned baked bean.

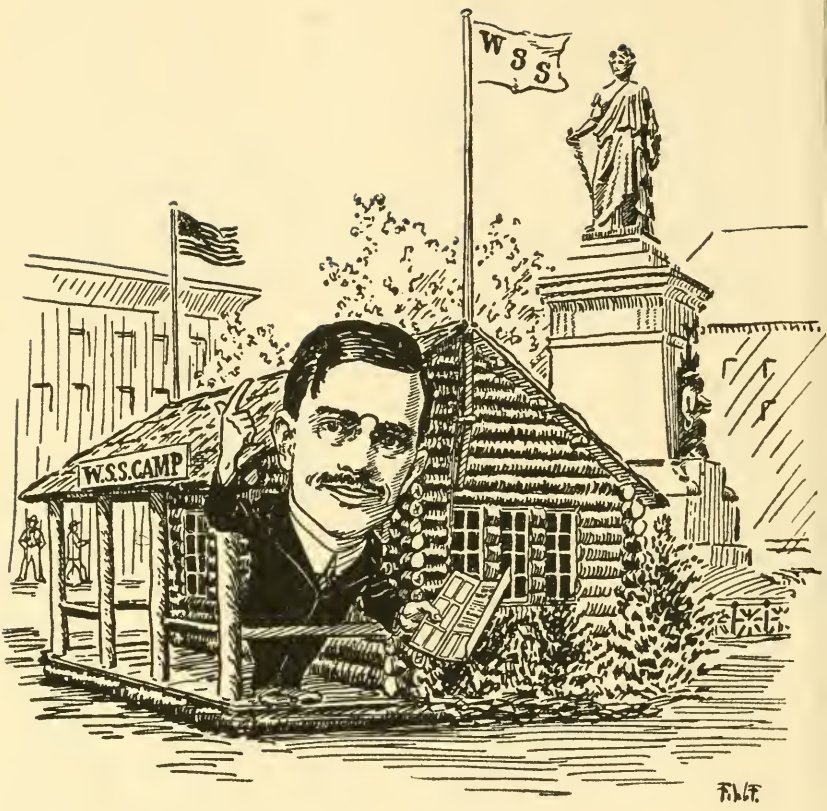


HENRY F. MERRILL

Says Henry: "Our harbor's the gate
For unlimited tonnage of freight,
But improvements will aid
To attract foreign trade" —
And he ought to be backed by the State.

JAMES E. MARRINER

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
For Jim was motoring out her way
And she jumped not a minute too soon.

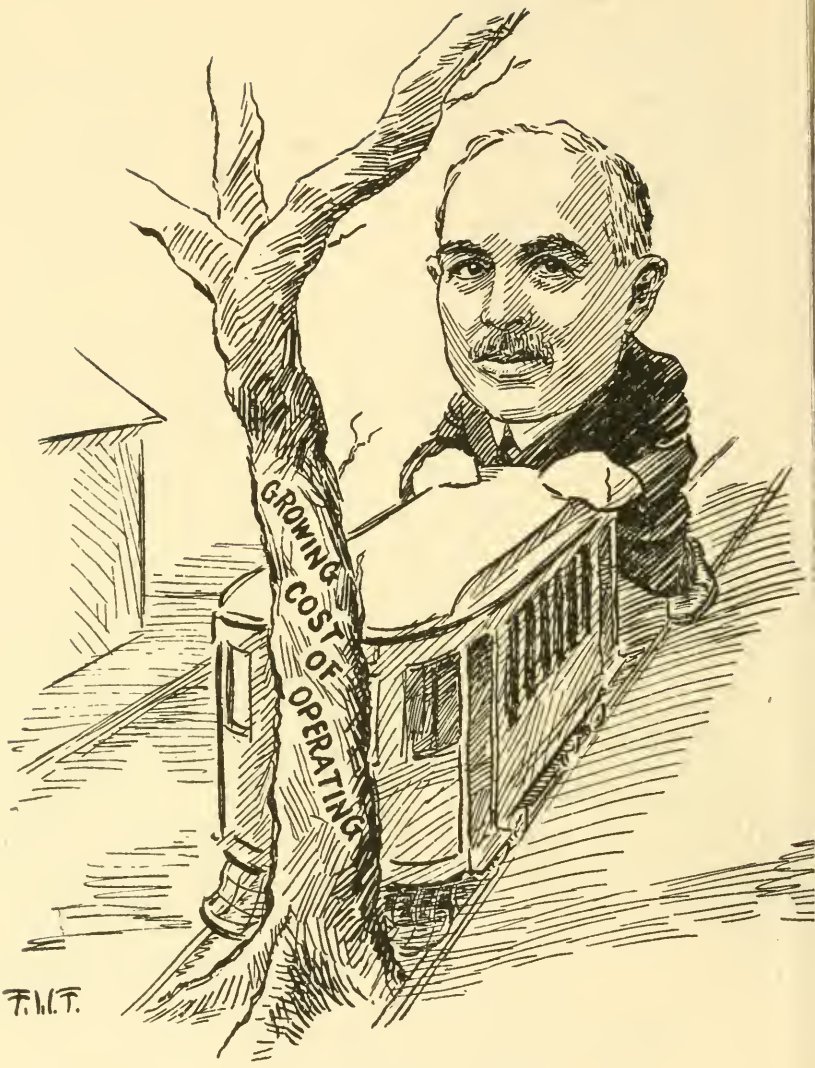


FRANKLIN LAWRENCE
Portland Chairman, War Savings Stamps

If you want to go camping this Summer
Frank's cabin will suit to a "T",
Buy plenty of stamps
And you'll have your own camps
In the Summer of 'twenty-three.

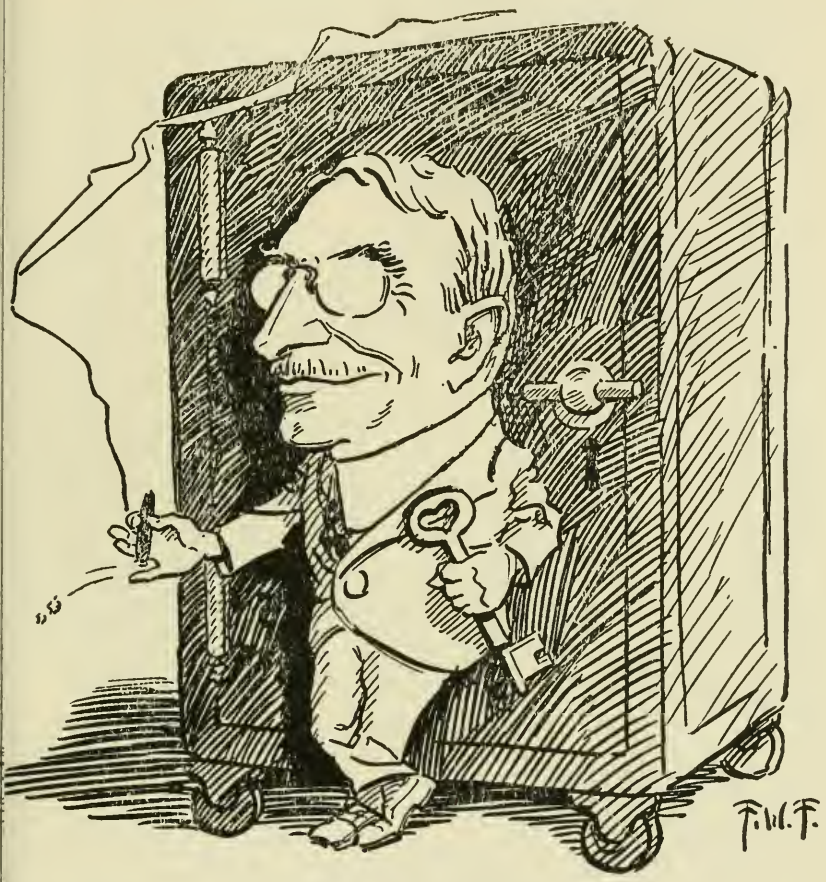
GRACE NASH HILL
Chairman Home Service Section Red Cross

Mrs. Peter Piper asked the Red Cross for provisions,
She said her Peter went to France to see that Fritz was licked.
Said Mrs. Hill, "Your call for food requires investigation:
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"



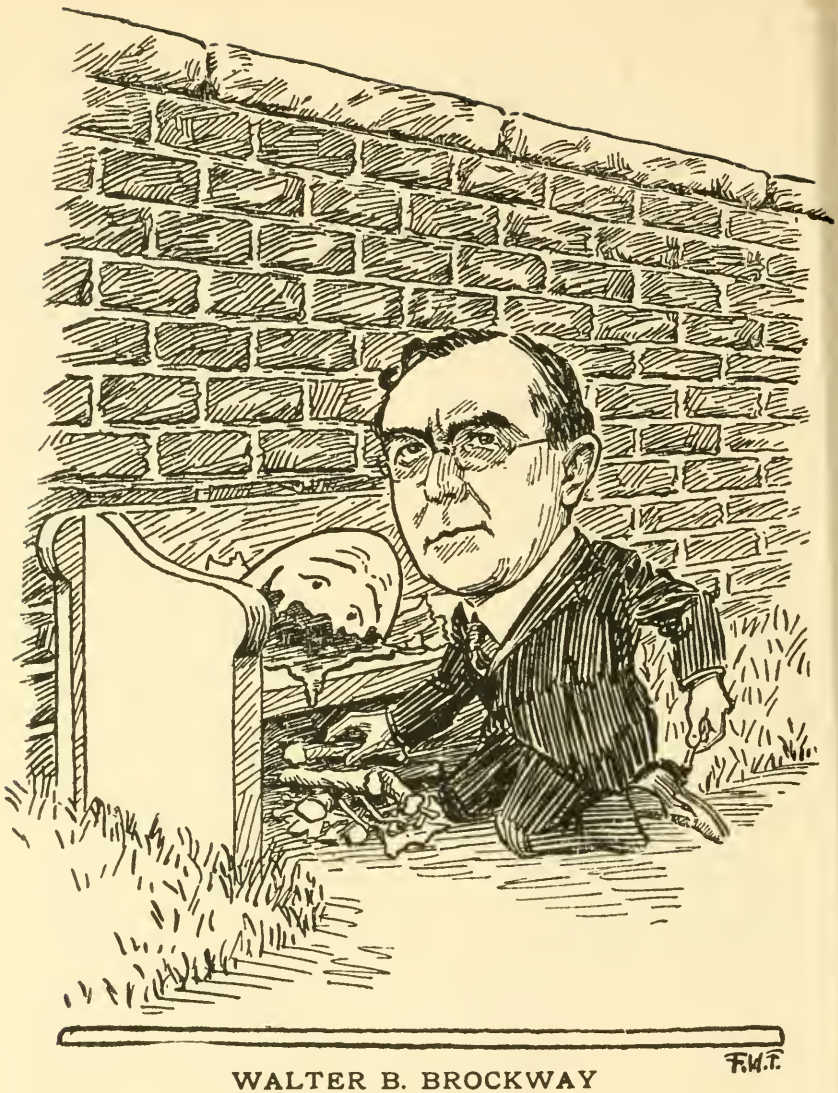
ALBERT H. FORD
General Manager Cumberland County Power & Light Co.

"I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,"
Wrote Mother Goose in the long ago.
Now it's "Pretty six cents,
I love little six cents,
Must have six cents to make the cars go."



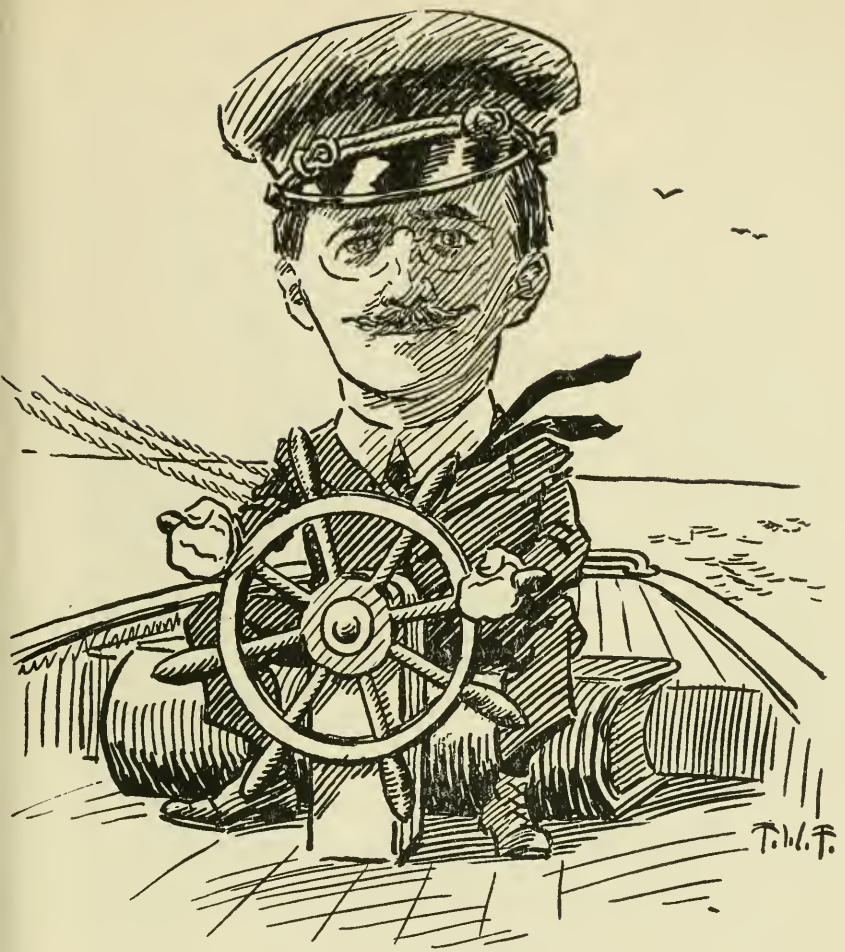
WM. M. PENNELL
County Food Administrator

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get a few bones for her kennel;
But though 'twas well stocked
The cupboard was locked
And she had to go ask Mr. Pennell.



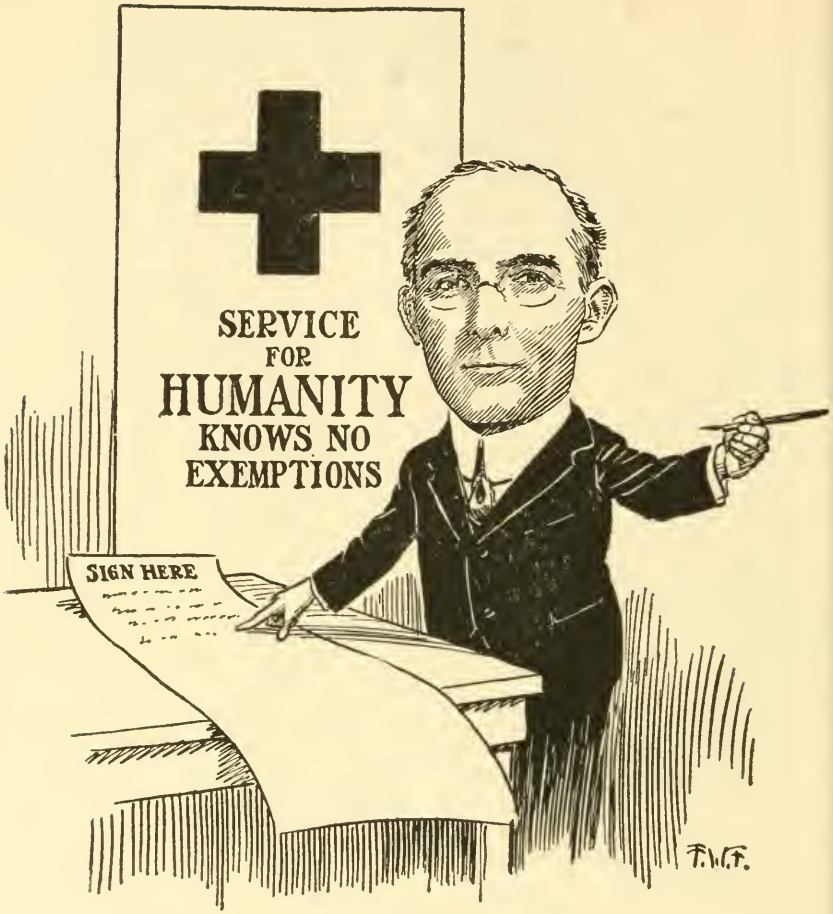
WALTER B. BROCKWAY
Effciency Expert

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Said Walter, "I'll scramble you right where you
fell,
You've saved me the motions of breaking the
shell."



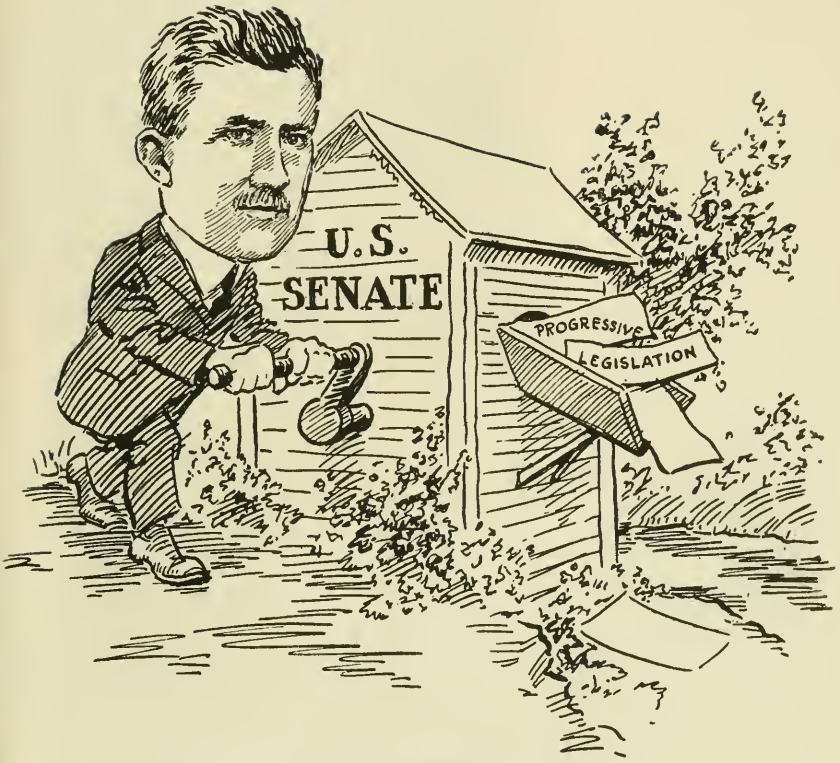
HON. ROBERT TREAT WHITEHOUSE
Chairman State Board of Charities

A ship, a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
Its captain is the chairman of
Maine's Board of Charity.
He's a very gifted lawyer,
The sea's his recreation,
And it's being whispered 'round the town
That his name's his destination.



FRANK L. RAWSON
State Director Red Cross Drive

Somebody's father or brother,
Somebody's husband or son,
    Is risking his life
    In merciless strife
To safeguard your home from the Hun.
Somewhere in France he is lying,
His is the pain and the loss;
    A part of the price
    Of his sacrifice
Is your pledge to support the Red Cross.



HON. FREDERICK HALE
United States Senator

There was a trusty miller
Lived by the River Dee
He ground and ground from morn 'til night,
No man worked more than he;
And ever the object of his toil
To folks at home was plain:—
Our Pine Tree State for Uncle Sam,
And Uncle Sam for Maine.

FLORENCE MOSHER STEVENS
President Maine Humane Education Society and Red Star

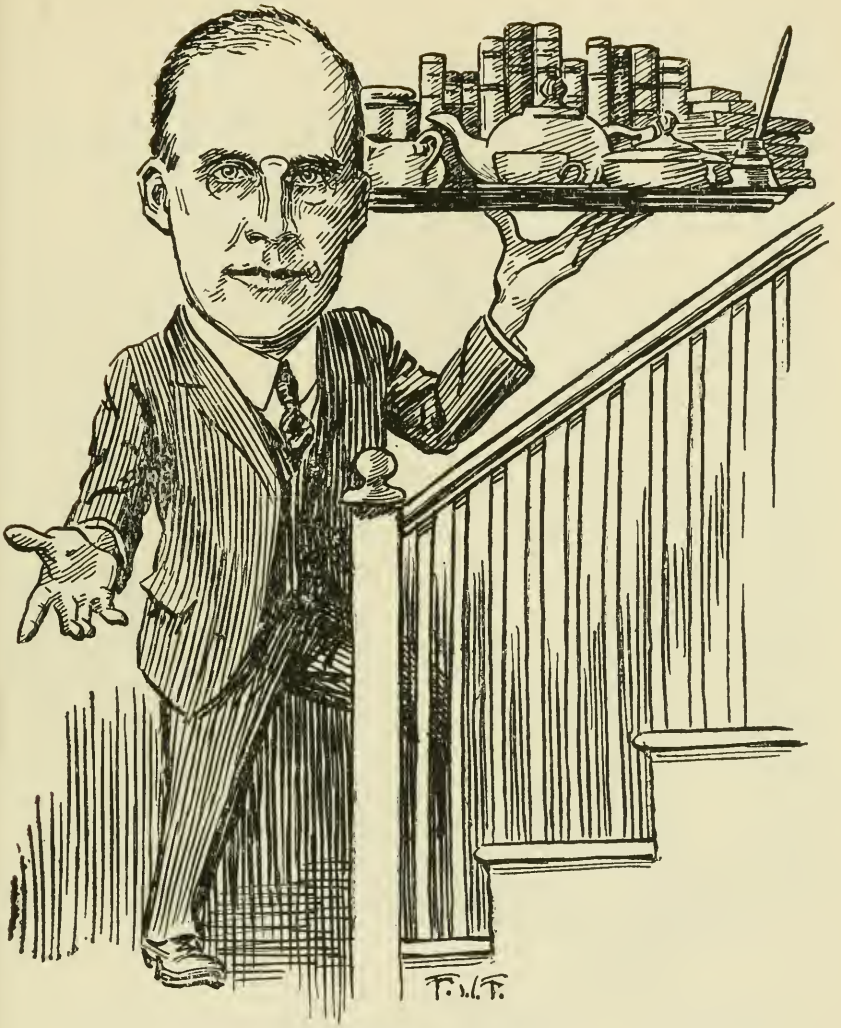
Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross
To see a fine lady
Who's helping the horse.
Take the rings from your fingers,
Of your jewels dispose,
Let your silver make music
Wherever she goes.

JAMES C. HAMLIN
State Fuel Administrator

Old King Coal is a merry old soul
His deputy rules in Maine,
No matter how big the size of your roll
If you waste you will order in vain.

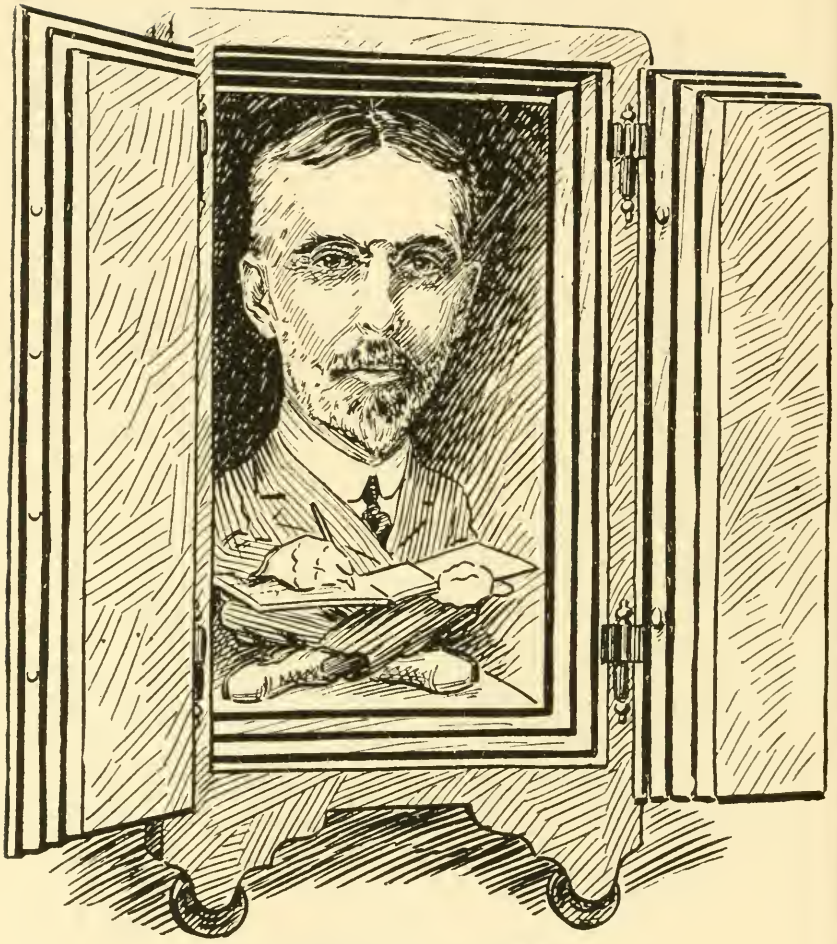
DANIEL L. BOWEN
Chief of Police

There was a crooked man and he walked a
crooked mile
And when he got to Portland he smiled a
crooked smile,
But Danny Bowen spied him with a teapot in
his blouse
And now he's living safely in a little steel house.



RALPH B. WILSON
Superintendent National Service Club

Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Billiards, pool and library, magazines untold;
Ralph has nearly everything from auction
bridge to grub,
And a welcome for the Yanks at the National
Service Club.



CLARENCE W. SMALL
Treasurer Elks Club

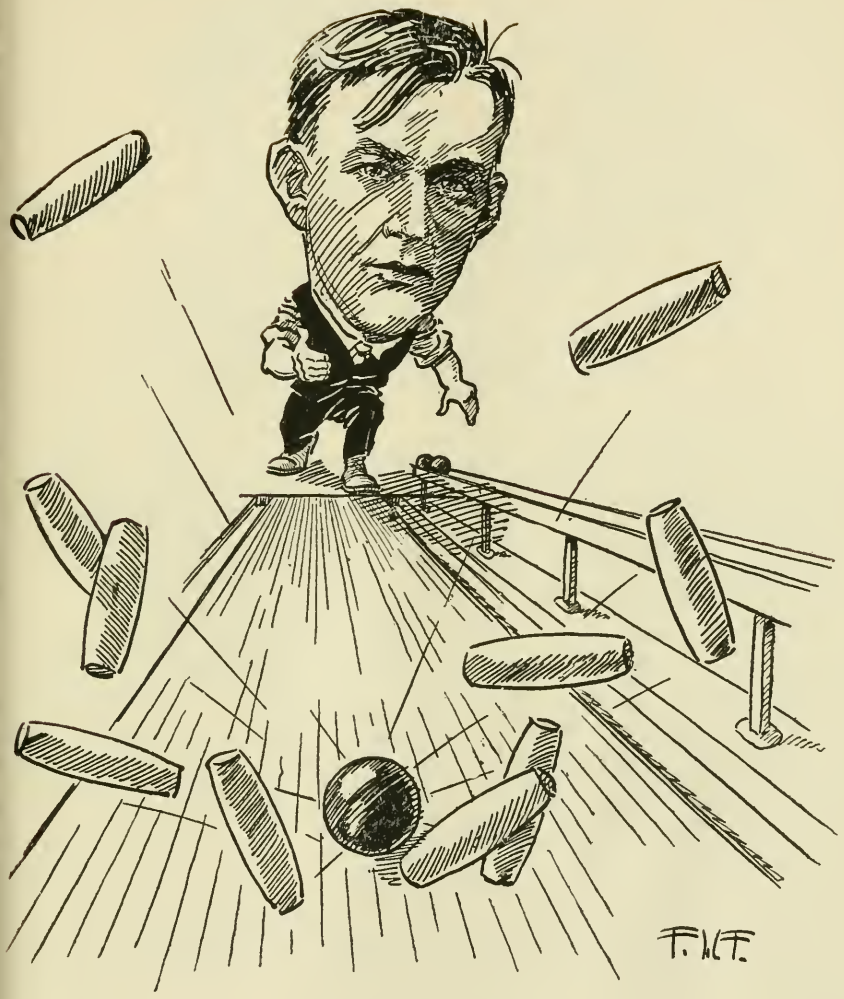
What he gives us in service and pleasure
It wouldn't be easy to measure;
An appropriate place
Though meager in space
Is the safe — for the club's greatest treasure.

WILLIAM E. WHITE

"Little Boy Blue, you must blow your horn,
Our traffic rules you mustn't scorn;
When you come to a crossing a signal is due,"
Said Officer White—and little boy blew.

CAPT. W. A. ROONEY
Recruiting Officer, U. S. Navy

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea
In the fleet of liberty,
If you'd do the same as he,
Go see Captain Rooney.



PETER PRIDE
Champion Bowler

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and knock it down —
That's how Peter won renown.

MRS. CHARLES F. FLAGG
Trustee Maine Juvenile Institutions

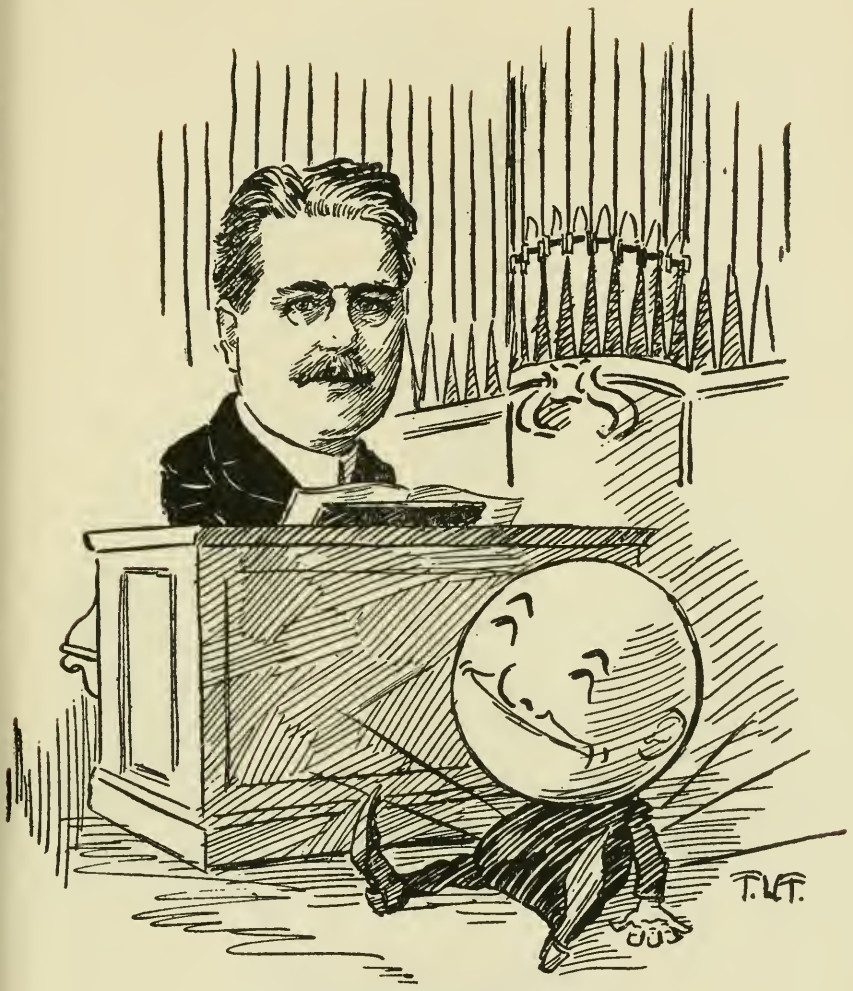
Little Miss Muffet
Longed for her tuffet
And pined for her curds and whey;
When Mrs. Flagg spied her
She vanquished the spider
And drove all the tear clouds away.

A. L. T. CUMMINGS
Publicity Director, Maine Agricultural and Industrial League

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
White ones and black ones and plenty for all,
A pet for the Summer and pork in the Fall.

GUY H. STURGIS
Attorney General of Maine

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.
Below, a man with a tireless spade
Straight to the roots his pathway made;
Said the carrion crow: "I'd better go."
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

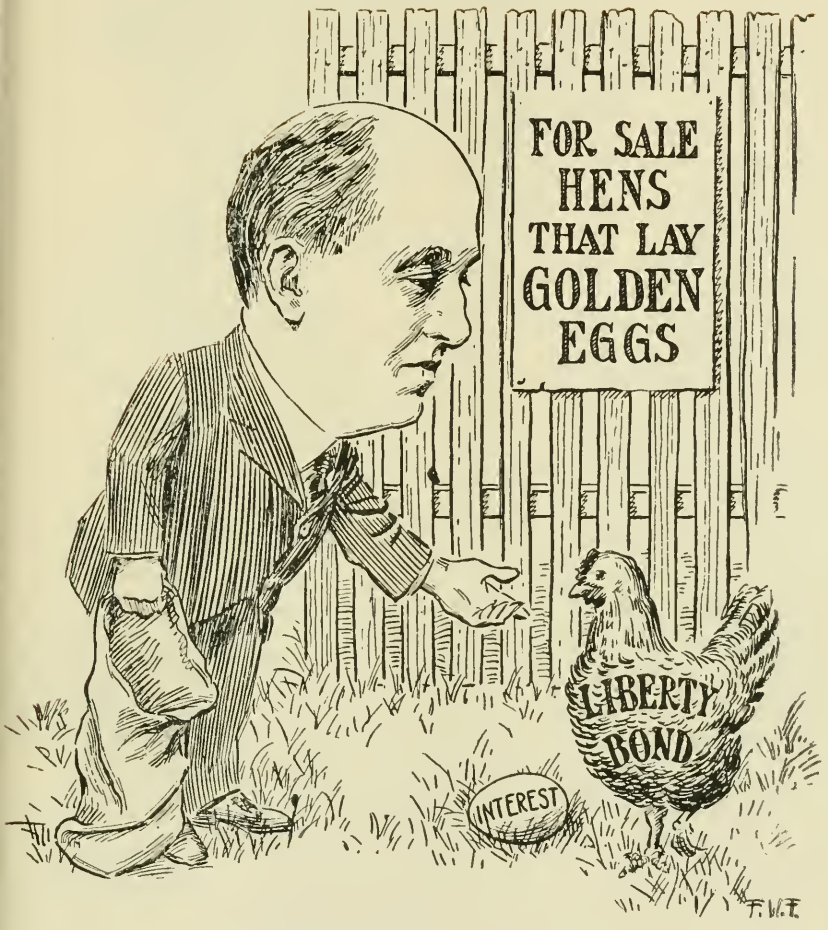


WILL C. MACFARLANE
Municipal Organist

The Man in the Moon came tumbling down
And asked the way to Scotland,
But hearing Mr. Macfarlane play
Decided to stay in Portland.

EDWARD M. HUNT
Commissioner of Publie Works

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, street cleaner man,
Make the soap go as far as you can.
Save and conserve it by Hoover's decree,
But don't spare the water — we're close to the
sea.



CHARLES G. ALLEN
County Director Liberty Loan

Liberty, pickety, fine fat hen,
She lays eggs for thrifty men,
Order a hen from Charles today;
You can't get stuck — she's bound to lay.

W. B. MOORE
Former Secretary Portland Chamber of Commerce

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
She's turned it over to Mr. Moore,—
Her methods were much too slow.

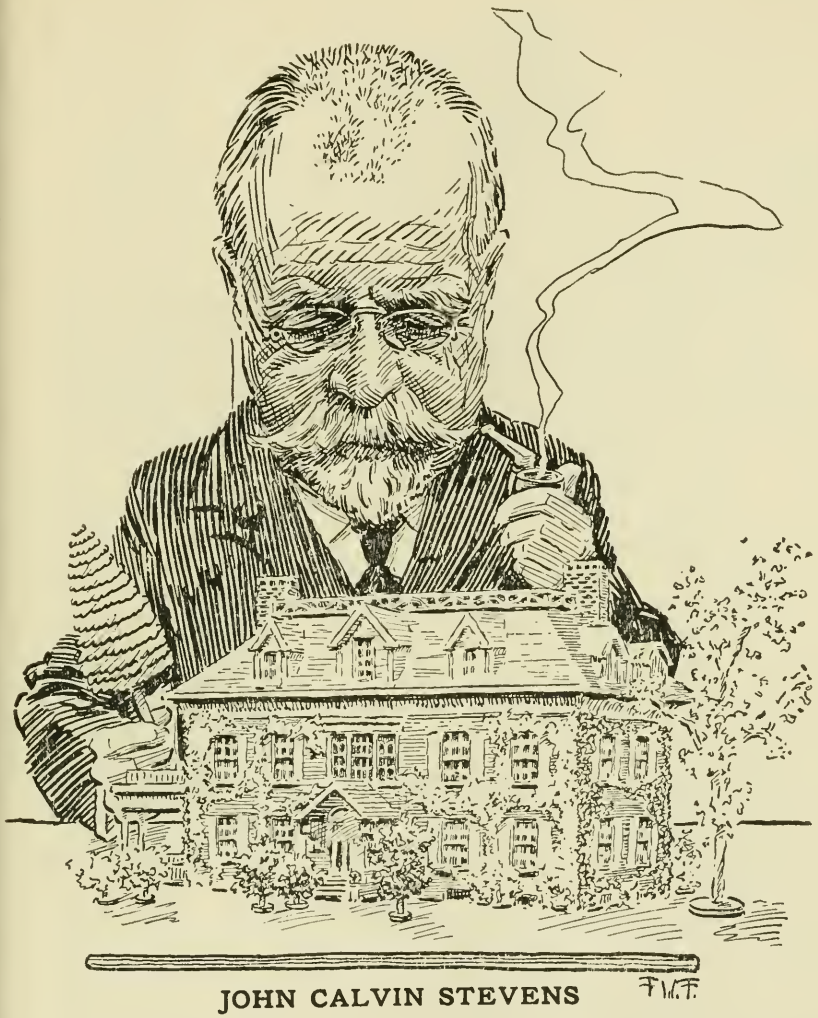
MISS BERNADETTE MOREAU

Rock-a-bye Baby
At concert or hop,
If Bernadette's absent
The minstrels must stop.
Incomplete is the music
At Keith's or the Strand
Without Bernadette
And her Baby Grand.

MAJOR EDWARD E. PHILBROOK

"There was an owl sat on an oak,
Fiddle, Faddle, Feedle."
Though very wise, he seldom spoke,
His tongue you couldn't wheedle.

But one there was who knew the way
To get this wise bird's outlook;
Political secrets of the day
He told to Major Philbrook.



JOHN CALVIN STEVENS

What about Jack? You've heard of the rat
That ate the malt; of the dog and the cat;
Of the maid and her cow with the crumpled
horn;
Of the priest and the man all tattered and torn;
Well, here is the JACK—
Who built the house that Jack built.

ALMUS D. BUTLER
Chief of Fire Department

"Lady Bug, Lady Bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will burn."
Said she: "I should worry — and finish my roam,
Chief Butler will quench it, I needn't return."

HALBERT P. GARDNER

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He found a husky young Bull Moose
With whom to fraternize.

But when they saw the Donkey's gait,
With all their might and main,
They joined in with the Elephant
To win the next campaign.

DR. C. M. SLEEPER
Collector of the Port

Little Tommy Tittlemouse at catching fish succeeded
By trailing hook and line below the dam.
When the doctor goes a-fishing, not even bait is needed
To land a net return for Uncle Sam.

KING F. GRAHAM
Sheriff of Cumberland County

The King of France marched up the hill
With twenty thousand men.
The "King" of Cumberland County
Rules the land with eight or ten.

H 106 89

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